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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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[For the BIVOUAC.]

CONFEDERATE CAVALRY AT THE FIRST MANASSAS.



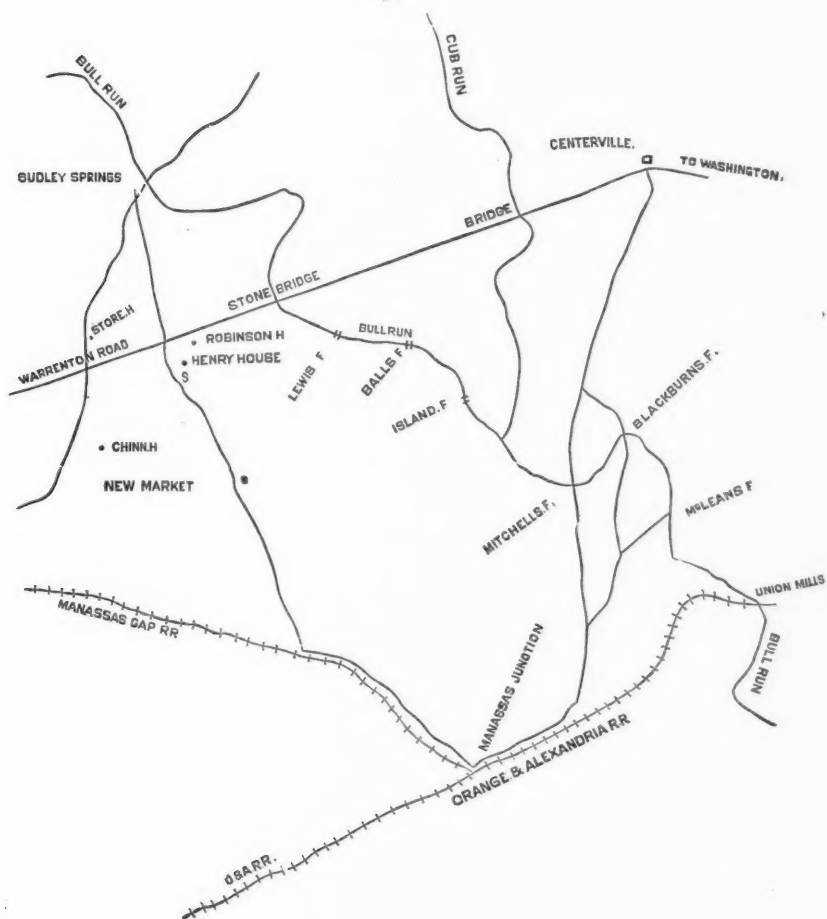
THE interest of readers is attracted more to the first battle of Manassas (or battle of Bull Run, as it is styled by Northern writers), than to any other battle, probably, that was fought during the sectional war. This is due to several causes. It was the arena in which first the prowess of the North was matched in pitched battle against the prowess of the South. Its result was damaging to the South, for it confirmed the hot-headed Southerners in the fallacious idea, which had possessed their minds, that "One Southern soldier could whip three Yankees." Hence, efforts were relaxed, the war was thought to be nearly over, and the reverses of the next year were needed to awaken the Southerners from their lethargy. As a contribution toward a complete history of this celebrated battle, the writer will state in detail the action of the Confederate cavalry on that day (July 21, 1861).

The first regiment of Virginia Cavalry arrived on the plains of Manassas on the evening of July 20th, and bivouacked two or three miles in rear of Ball's Ford. This regiment was commanded by Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, afterward the celebrated leader of the cavalry corps of the army of Northern Virginia. It had been operating in the Shenandoah Valley in connection with General J. E. Johnston's army. On the morning of the 21st, Colonel Stuart kept his regiment drawn up for orders. At about two o'clock he received orders from General Johnston to charge the enemy's flank. Stuart, intending to strike the left flank of the enemy, moved rapidly to Bull Run, crossed at Lewis' Ford, and advanced nearly to the road leading from Stone Bridge to Centerville. Finding the Federals in too heavy force to attack there, he withdrew across the run and moved

VOL. II., No. 12—34.

to the left flank of the Confederate army where the heaviest firing was heard. There he found Jackson's brigade hard pressed, and he was requested to protect the flanks. Stuart, in compliance, sent half his regiment (he had about three hundred men for duty), under Major Swan to Jackson's right, while he himself moved with the rest to Jackson's left. Hastening forward through the fields and scattered pines in column, Stuart finally emerged from the pines, and, seeing a regiment in red uniform, he called out to the men, thinking they were Southern troops, "Don't run, boys; we are here." Just then, however, he saw a United States flag, and, turning to his men, he ordered a charge. With a yell the troopers dashed at the Yankee regiment (which proved to be the Eleventh New York Fire Zouaves, and was advancing in column to flank Jackson's line), scattered them, and killed many. The cavalry, however, were checked by a heavy fire from two companies held in reserve, and by canister shot from a battery stationed near the Henry House. Stuart, accordingly, withdrew his men, and reformed his line in rear of the pines. Owing to the rapid advance and the difficulty in keeping the column closed up, only two companies, the Loudon Cavalry, commanded by Captain Carter, in front, and the Clarke Cavalry (under command of Lieutenant Wm. Taylor), next in column, were engaged, though some members of the other companies participated in the charge. Captain Carter's company, being in front, received the enemy's fire and hence lost most heavily. Nine men were killed or mortally wounded, and eighteen horses were shot dead. Captain Carter's horse was shot under him. Of the Clarke Cavalry, Lieutenant David H. Allen was mortally wounded. The charge was of great service to the Confederates, as it checked the column which was flanking Jackson, and, above all, it started the panic which so soon afterward pervaded the Federal army. It was, too, the only charge made by the Confederate cavalry before the rout began. The ludicrous is often closely connected with the tragic. In the midst of the charge, C., a gallant private in the Clark Cavalry, saw a Yankee get behind a pine bush, rode up to him and fired four balls into him, and then wheeling his horse, called out to Stuart, who was riding near, "Show them to me, Colonel, and I'll sock it into them!" C. afterward became a Major, and, during the four years, probably "socked it" into a good many.

After the charge, Stuart withdrew behind the pines, reformed his command, and fell in on the left flank of the reinforcements which now came up to the Confederates. In this position he acted as sup-



SCALE OF MILES
1 2 3 4 M.
MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF MANASSAS.

port for Lieutenant Beckham's battery which occupied the extreme left of the Confederate line as it made its last and successful charge, driving the Federals from the field. After the Federals began their retreat, Stuart followed the column which retired by the Sudley road, and captured many prisoners. "In the pursuit," says Stuart in his report, "Lieutenant William Taylor (of the Clark Cavalry) alone, captured six of the enemy with arms in their hands."

Just as Stuart rode into Bull Run, a cannon-shot, fired by a Confederate battery stationed in the rear, passed over the column and struck the water a few feet in front of him. He, at once, sent a *rapid* messenger to the officer, commanding the battery, with the request not to take his men for Yankees again. Stuart followed the enemy about a mile beyond Sudley Ford, and, then as night was approaching, he returned to Sudley's mill and encamped for the night.

This "Black Horse Cavalry" was organized by Captain John Scott, of Warrenton, Fauquier county, Virginia. He was the author of a celebrated book, called "The Lost Principle," and was an ardent pro-slavery man. The emblem of the founders of the Saxon race in England was a white horse, and, from this circumstance, and also from the fact that the originators of this company were pro-slavery men, the cavalry company was called the "Black Horse," and John Scott was elected as its first captain. Under his command, the company served during the "John Brown raid" in 1859, and assisted with other troops in guarding the prisoners at Charlestown, West Virginia, until they were executed. Captain Scott was a warm secessionist, and, irritated at the delay of the Virginia Convention in passing the ordinance of secession, he resigned the captaincy of the "Black Horse" in January, 1861, went to Montgomery, Alabama, and offered his services to Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy. After the secession of Virginia, William H. Payne (a private in the company) was elected captain of the Black Horse on April 25, 1861, and the company was under his command at the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861. The company, on that day, together with two other cavalry companies, all under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Munford, was drawn up in the rear of what is known as the "Lewis House." About five o'clock the command was ordered to cross Bull Run and attack the retiring Federals. Crossing below the stone bridge, they charged the retreating column, captured many prisoners, and, pursuing the enemy to Cub Run, they there captured sixteen guns, having driven off some infantry which made an attempt to save the guns. These guns they brought

back with them late at night, and delivered personally to President Davis, at Manassas. A pair of handsome silver 'spurs was some time afterward sent from New York to Captain W. H. Payne, with the inscription, "Presented to the Captain of the Black Horse at the battle of Manassas, as a testimonial of the knightly distinction he won in that engagement." In 1863, a number of English gentlemen had a magnificent carbine made and sent to the captain of the Black Horse, to be delivered "to the bravest." This weapon was given to Robert Martin, of Warrenton, now dead.

The "Black Horse" became very noted, and attracted recruits from all quarters. After the battle of Manassas it became a part of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, and was known as company "H." It had, at one time, one hundred and sixty-one names on its roll, and constituted, always, at least one-fourth of its regiment for active purposes. It furnished the Confederate army, from its ranks, one brigadier-general (Wm. H. Payne), two colonels, one major, and six officers transferred to other commands. When Captain W. H. Payne was promoted (September 7, 1861), to be major of the Fourth Regiment, Lieutenant Robert Randolph succeeded to the command of the company. Afterward, w'en Captain Randolph became major of the regiment (1863), Alexander D. Payne became captain of the Black Horse Company, and it remained under his command to the close of the war.

After the retreat of the Federals across Bull Run, Colonel R. C. W. Radford, at the head of six companies of cavalry, which had been held in reserve in the rear of the Confederates near Stone Bridge, crossed the run, followed the enemy, charged upon them, killed many, and captured about eighty prisoners, and the standard of Colonel Corcoran's Sixty-ninth New York Regiment. This charge, "in connection with that made by the command under Lieutenant-Colonel Munford, composed of Captains Payne, Ball, Langhorn, and Hale, caused the jam at Cub Creek Bridge, which resulted in the capture of fourteen pieces of cannon." Afterward Colonel Radford charged upon a body of "about five thousand infantry, supported by a battery of three pieces," and lost some officers and men from Captain Radford's company, and also from that of Captain (afterwards Brigadier-General) Wickham. Night having now come on, the conflict ceased, and the cavalry busied themselves in collecting and carrying to the rear the cannon, etc., captured at Stone Bridge.

As an illustration of the panic-stricken condition of the enemy,

Colonel Radford says in his report: "Charles, the colored servant of Adjutant Burk, unaided, captured a prisoner armed with gun and pistol, and turned him over to the commanding general of the First Brigade."

J. S. B.

[For the BIVOAC.]

GENERALS EARLY AND ROSSER AT CEDAR CREEK.



A NUMBER of articles have recently appeared in the *Philadelphia Times* from the pen of General Thomas L. Rosser, major-general of cavalry in the Army of North Virginia, giving in a dashing, interesting style, his impressions of events and people, as he saw them while on duty with that command. To some of his criticisms, referring to himself, General Jubal Early has taken exception, and replied to Rosser in his usual tart style. Colonel Munford has come to Early's and his own defense in a long article; and Colonel M. D. Ball, of my own regiment, has also written a long article in defense of Rosser, and in severe criticism of both General Early and Colonel Munford. I am sorry to see that the discussion of these questions should bring about any bitterness of feeling. Rosser was my old commander, and a more gallant, dashing, cavalry officer never drew a sword. General Early was also my old commander, and, though he was not popular with the army generally, especially the cavalry, we all admired his courage and unshrinking devotion to his duty. The battle at Cedar Creek was the turning point in General Early's reputation as a commander.

Prior to that time he had been one of the most trusted leaders under Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee. His first independent command was when he was sent with Jackson's old corps to the valley of Virginia to threaten Washington. After his battles in Maryland, and that of Winchester, his troops began to lose that implicit confidence in him as a commander, which up to that time he had enjoyed. But the rout at Cedar Creek was so disastrous to our little army that the troops became clamorous for another commander.

It was my bad fortune to be in that rout, and from my position on the left flank of our infantry, witnessed the attack which started it out. I feel it my duty, as a contribution to history, to tell what I saw. I was with the column of cavalry under Rosser, which made the first attack on Sheridan's extreme right before daylight on the 19th of October, 1864. The enemy made but little resistance to our

advance, and were pushed back continuously until near the middle of the day, when, from some cause unknown to me, we withdrew a short distance in the rear of where our cavalry line had been, and began to feed our horses formed in columns by squadrons in the enemy's deserted camp. Colonel Oliver Funston, who was the colonel of the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, was in command of Rosser's Brigade, Rosser himself being in command of the division. In the absence of Lieutenant-colonel M. D. Ball, I was in command of the Eleventh Cavalry. We had been in this position about a half an hour, when suddenly there appeared a cavalry guidon of the enemy in front of us, on a hill from which we had retired. Colonel Funston immediately sent a scouting party to ascertain what it meant, but it had gone but a short distance before a battery opened on us from that point, the shells exploding over our heads in rapid succession, which threw the command into considerable confusion. Colonel Funston ordered the brigade to move off by fours at a trot and turned the head of the column to the rear. The movement being so slow the rear squadron of the regiments began to break and follow the column rather than follow in their turn. Seeing the men breaking from the rear of the Eleventh Regiment, I ordered them to move forward as a whole. The two front squadrons heard the command and obeyed it, but the rear squadrons followed the rest of the brigade in its now rapid retreat. I moved the two squadrons to the right of our position, under the cover of a hill and timber, and reformed them. Just then a considerable body of Federal cavalry made its appearance over the hill in front of us, but to our left, in pursuit of Rosser and Lee's brigade, which being on our left, had also retired. The Federal cavalry did not seem to charge with much heart and was very much scattered, so I told the men if they would keep well in line and not fire a shot until commanded that I believed we could drive them back. The men who composed these two front squadrons were as brave and true as any in the army, and were anxious to be led against the enemy. Our position was rather on their flank and we rode back to meet them. When they first saw our little band they began to shout and jeer at our impudence. But as we kept steadily on, and they saw that we meant to cross sabers with them, the few who were some distance in front of the main body stopped as if to wait for their comrades to close up, but those in rear, when they saw their leaders stop, followed their example. We could see the front men beckoning for those in rear to come up, but they would not. As we came up to them with a solid front we

opened fire when they turned and fled. All those in rear did likewise. We followed them until we had driven them from the field, when we turned our attention to the battery, which also retired. We then re-established our old line, extending our videttes as well as we could up to the left flank of our infantry. I then sent word to General Rosser, who was some distance in the rear, that General Early's left flank had no protection but my thin vidette line. The enemy in front was very active, and I felt the importance of having our cavalry to resist any effort to turn our left. Then I rode back to General Rosser, who was some three-fourths of a mile in our rear, and urged upon him the importance of protecting Early's flank. He said that he was not going to take his men back there; that Early had made him lose nearly all of his artillery a few days before at Tom's Brook; and that he did not intend to risk any more of it; that it would not be long before old Jubal would be getting out of there himself, and while he was away he intended to stay. At my solicitation, he sent one of his staff to inform Early of his position. I left him and rode back to join my command. I had not reached it before I saw a heavy column of Federal infantry move up in the gap which my little command was trying to occupy. As soon as this column had marched by Early's flank it wheeled and began to sweep down upon it. Then began the rout, the like of which had never before befallen any part of that army. The Federal cavalry came with their infantry, and we had a lovely race for two miles before we recrossed Cedar Creek. At the ford we found Rosser and the balance of our command well in hand, and when the enemy attempted to cross in pursuit they were driven back by Rosser, whose command was the only one that came off that field organized.

This was the only time during my long service with Rosser that I ever had occasion to doubt his discretion—never his courage. But I have always believed had Rosser been on Early's flank with his division of cavalry, where Early thought he was, that rout would never have taken place. General Early has, so far, quietly shouldered all the responsibility of that defeat, but in his old age some of it ought to be shifted to younger shoulders, where it belongs.

I have written this in a spirit of fairness to both my old commanders, knowing that both have the moral courage to take whatever of responsibility attaches to each for that signal defeat.

Sheridan's troops were very much demoralized by their defeat in the morning, and were easily driven during the day when pressed; and Rosser's division, being well in hand as it was, could have checked any advance on that flank.

E. H. McDONALD.



[For the BIVOUAC.]

JACKSON AND HIS BRIGADE AT MANASSAS.

THE battle of Manassas possesses a peculiar interest for for him who still recalls without regret the dream of the Confederacy. Here first met in pitched field the men of the two sections, and the sons of the South, against greatly-superior numbers, bore off the palm. Here was assembled the flower of Southern chivalry, in the ranks of which were so many of those whose names afterwards "filled the speaking trump of fame," and here, last of all, Jackson began his great career and in a baptism of fire received from General Bee the name of Stonewall. So far as a plain statement of a few of the incidents of that day, as seen by an eye-witness, may serve the cause of truth, this narrative will go, borrowing only enough from Johnston's Narrative and Dabney's Life of Jackson to make the general action intelligible.

Jackson's brigade was composed of the following Virginia regiments: The Second commanded by Colonel Allen, the Fourth by Colonel Preston, the Fifth by Colonel Harper, the Twenty-seventh by Lieutenant-Colonel John Echols, and the Thirty-third by Colonel Cummins.* The writer was then a private in company "G," of the Second. On the morning of the memorable 21st July, 1862, just as the first streaks of dawn were lighting up the eastern sky, we were roused from sleep by the roll of the drum and fell into line. Soon we were marched to a point where in front of us was a dense woods. Beyond this was Mitchell's Ford, where picket-firing was heard for a while. In a few minutes it died away, and only the occasional boom of a big gun in the direction of Centerville showed that the enemy was near at hand.

About six o'clock we moved to the left nearly a mile and again halted, with an open woods before us. Sharp firing in front excited momentary expectation of seeing the enemy, but none appeared; and a profound stillness across Bull Run encouraged the hope that the foe had retired.

About nine o'clock, far to our left, was heard cannonading. Soon in that direction the brigade moved off briskly, increasing its speed as the sound of battle became more audible, and at times moving at a double quick. The beams of a burning July sun almost

*Dabney's Life of Jackson.

melted us, as enveloped in woolen garments and weighted down with musket and accouterments, we hurried for at least three miles toward the scene of conflict.

McDowell had deceived Johnston and Beauregard. Having made a specious feint on their center and right, he had stealthily thrown three divisions on their extreme left and rear and there was nothing to oppose them but a detachment under Colonel Evans of eleven hundred men. For a while he faced the multitude with his little band, then fell back closely pressed. General Bee, with two regiments and Imboden's battery, came to his assistance, and for a time held the enemy in check. After a stubborn fight of more than an hour Bee retired before five times his numbers, and was enabled to make his retreat to another position somewhat in order by the timely arrival of Hampton with his battalion or legion.*

It was at this stage of the action that Jackson arrived.

As we ascended the slope beyond which was heard the roar of battle, Jackson rode near the head of the column. Couriers were constantly riding up to him and then galloping off at breakneck speed. As we approached the crest, an officer on a black horse, flecked with foam and bloody with spurring, rode up to Jackson. Every one said it was General Bee. The writer was in a part of the column quite near, but not near enough to hear what was said. Those who were, immediately reported the following as having occurred:

"How goes the day?" said Jackson. "Hard, general, they are beating us back." "Then," said Jackson, "we'll try the bayonet."

The last remark was repeated from soldier to soldier. It indicated that without hard fighting the day was lost. It was the first revelation, too, of the character of the man who led them; for up to that time he had seemed from his slouchy appearance and quiet ways to be more a man of peace than of war. Soon bombs were heard flying over our heads and a stream of wounded met us. Their bloody faces and groans brought us face to face with the stern realities of the business we were engaged in, and were far from encouraging. As each one passed, some of the troops asked how the day was going. Nearly all replied that we were being badly whipped. An artilleryman was borne by on a stretcher, torn and bleeding. "How's the fight going?" was asked of one of those carrying him. The wounded man replied, "Pretty hard, boys, but pitch in and we'll give 'em — yet."

* Johnston's Narrative, page 47.

This was the first word of encouragement we had received, and we cheered the brave fellow lustily. As he passed the column all along the line his brave words were received with shouts. Near the crest of the slope we were formed in order of battle, as follows : Near the center and in the rear of Imboden's, Stanards, and Pendleton's batteries were posted the Fourth and Twenty-seventh ; on the right of the batteries, Fifth Virginia ; and on the left the Second and Thirty-third regiments. We were ordered to lie down and remain in that position till we saw the enemy, then to fire and charge. The line ran through a dense pine thicket, which entirely concealed us from the enemy as well as the enemy from us, for we could not see ten yards beyond the line.

Soon after we had taken position, when already a good many shells were beating the bushes in search of us, Beauregard rode along the front occasionally halting and speaking to the troops. He stopped near the writer and made quite a speech, telling us we were defending all that was most dear to us. When he had finished, Lieutenant English said : "How long, general, must we stay here?" meaning how long before we charged. Beauregard misunderstood him and replied with arm uplifted, "'Till death!" All were struck with his martial air and animated face, and gazed admiringly till he disappeared in the bushes along the front of the Thirty-third.

Pretty soon the firing was more animated and the shells flew screaming over our heads. In the midst of it there appeared picking his way through the pines a horseman who seemed in imminent danger of being torn to pieces. He walked his horse, pushing the branches aside with great deliberation. Presently we all saw it was Jackson. The countenance and manner of the man was indelibly impressed. So composed was his mien and so natural his tones, that we almost forgot a battle was raging. He attempted no fervent address but spoke a few words to the troops as he passed. He asked what were our orders. Some one answered to stay till we saw the enemy, then to fire and charge. His reply is not distinctly remembered, but something to this effect, "That's right, do your duty, men."

In a short time after this the cannonading was terrific. To the novice peering through the brush in fearful expectancy, fancy was busy and bold. So close were the contending batteries, that sometimes we could not tell the reports of our own from those of the enemy. Discharge followed discharge so quickly that it seemed as if it were two mailed giants hammering each other with

huge battle-axes. In front and on our right we could hear volleys of musketry and loud shouting, but could see nothing. Soon the air was filled with bursting shells, and bullets tore the bushes above our heads and hitting some. Many cried out, "Let us charge, anything is better than this." But the officers yelled at us to keep our places and obey orders.

It was at this point that Bee, amid the flame of battle, gave Jackson his immortal name of "Stonewall." His own men, who had been longer in the fight than Jackson's, and who were more exposed to the aim of the enemy's guns, were disheartened and breaking, overwhelmed by the advancing multitudes. "Look," said Bee, "at Jackson, standing like a stone wall." From where they were on the right they could see Jackson's men lying silent amid the storm.

The Thirty-third, as before said, was on our left and a considerable portion of this line was visible. Presently they arose, fired their pieces, and with fierce shouts rushed toward the foe. In a moment they were lost to view. The shot ceased coming toward us, but the earth shook with the burst of thunder from cannon and musket that received them. Never in the annals of war was a braver charge made by raw troops. In less than five minutes nearly half the regiment was killed and wounded. One company composed of youths in their teens, the "Hardy Blues," lost, out of sixty-six, twenty-nine killed and twenty wounded. They captured the battery (Rickett's) that was doing us such damage, but were soon driven off by a deadly fire from infantry near by protected by an excavated roadway. The remnant of the Thirty-third returned and formed on our left and rear. About this time, or perhaps before, a body of Confederates passed along our rear line towards our left. This was encouraging, for all the bullets came from that direction. "What regiment is that?" cried one. "Forty-ninth Virginia," was the reply. "Who is the colonel?" "Smith." "What Smith?" "Extra Billy, by —," answered in angry tones the gallant ex-governor of Virginia. "Extra Billy" was the name the Whigs had given him as a term of reproach and he felt that the occasion made it a title of honor.

Notwithstanding this re-inforcement, in a short time the left seemed entirely gone and the enemy was on our flank in heavy force. The bullets came thicker and faster down the line, and we could not reply without shooting our own men. Many were struck and there was great impatience to charge. This was increased by a Methodist preacher who had led a company in the Thirty-third, and with vio-

lent gesticulations was imploring us to charge "the battery," saying, that the horses were all killed and the Yankees in confusion. Some of the men, crazed with excitement, rose up and called for others to join in a charge. The officers yelled at them, "Down, down," till order was restored. But the enemy was enveloping our left. Still did we wait for the enemy to appear, but none were to be seen, while shells from the front and bullets from the left were playing a havoc of death. In the midst of the uproar, the order was given to "fall back." "What for," cried one (Tom Bristow, of Jefferson.) "we are doing very well?" Immediately he fell mortally wounded. The left of the Second now hurriedly retired from a position where no resistance could possibly be made, and formed in the rear of the rest of the brigade.

To repel the onset, Jackson now advanced his remaining force and pushed back the enemy at the point of the bayonet. But the crisis was passed. The reserves now came up and Smith and Early having assailed the left flank successively, victory soon crowned our arms.

W. N. M.

[For the *REVUE*.]

PATRIOTISM VERSUS LOVE.

PART II.



OR several months Robin has been gone, and the winter of 1862-63 with all its hardships, is present with with the people. Every day the war becomes a more mournful reality, and enterprising raiding parties occasionally penetrate even beyond the fastnesses which surround the little village of Burton. The morning after New Year is made memorable in its calendar, by the fact that a party of Federal cavalry establishes its quarters there. Very soon notices are conspicuously posted, that a depot for supplies has been opened and all loyal citizens having such to dispose of will receive high prices for same.

Amy Deering had kept closely indoors since the occupancy of the town by these martial marauders, and Dumpling often speculated with her wonderful horse sense as to why their delightful rambles had so suddenly ceased. Amy's daily visit to her stable did not satisfy the faithful animal, and her mute look of inquiry was always understood and answered by her mistress. "Never mind, dear, old Dumpling, when these old Yankees go away, then we'll take our rides again."

One very cold morning, haunted by an indefinable fear, she went at an early hour to the stable, what was her dismay upon reaching there to find the door open and Dumpling's stall empty. She gave a loud cry of disappointment and ran hastily back to the house. Bursting into her grandfather's room without ceremony, she exclaimed:

"O, granny, granny, Dumpling's gone! I know she has been stolen—where can she be?"

"What's that you say, Amy?" exclaimed the old man, excitedly, "Dumpling gone! Of course, she's been stolen, and as sure as I am alive it's the work of some of them d—d cavalry. I feared it all the time, but I thought by keeping her up she'd be safe. Now, you understand, child, why I wouldn't let you ride her. It was for her sake as well as yours."

"O, granny, can nothing be done?" said Amy, in tones of despair; "If we go at once to the officer, won't he help us to get her back?"

The old man stood at the window in an attitude of hesitation, the bleak winter landscape without and faint glow of the newly-kindled fire within added little inspiration to any effort he might feel inclined to make for Dumpling's recovery.

"Child," he presently said, "he won't believe that any of his men took the horse unless we can prove it, and how can we do that?"

"O, granny, couldn't Robin help us?" wailed Amy again.

"Would you ask him, Amy?" said the old man angrily, "after the way he has acted. Sooner would I ask help from any other man in that army, than the lad who had my trust and betrayed it. Is that the way you forget the treacherous rascal, girl? Robin help us, indeed! Never, never," and he stamped his foot in emphasis.

The silence was unbroken for the next ten minutes save by a suppressed sob, now and then, from Amy.

Presently her grandfather went toward her, and laying his hand caressingly on her head, said, "I must think a little while, daughter, about what is best to do, but do not mention Robin again; it brings up all the hot blood in my body."

"O, granny, granny, please——"

"Hush! Amy, never let me hear his name again," and going out he slammed the door after him, leaving her to sob out her two-fold grief alone.

It was finally arranged that Amy should go with her mother to the officer's headquarters and make some effort to recover her lost

property. Without any evidence upon which to base her plea, however, she felt many misgivings as to the success of her visit. Upon entering the room where he sat surrounded by an impenetrable barrier of red tape and official dignity, Amy became embarrassed and every word of the little speech, which she had arranged to make to him, escaped her memory, and for a moment she stood before him mute and motionless. Her brown eyes presently sought his face and the red blood surged through her veins, tingling to her finger tips, "My horse has been stolen, sir—my dear Dumpling, taken from the stable last night," and here she came abruptly to a halt.

"I am sorry, indeed, miss; can I help you in any way?" he answered with an amused smile.

"I hoped you could, that's why I came, sir, but——" again she hesitated.

"Have you any knowledge as to who the offender may be?" he asked, looking at her keenly.

"Nothing positive, but granny and both of us think it's the soldiers," blurted out Amy at last.

"Why, my dear young lady, how could you suspect my men of such a thing?" said the officer, in a tone of injured innocence, "every man in my command is well mounted, to my knowledge, and even if they were not, I am quite sure that they would not resort to such means to become so; but leave me a description of your animal, and I will use all the means I can command to help you find her."

Amy, quite reassured by so much unexpected kindness, proceeded to give an account of Dumpling's appearance, having carefully noted which, the officer turned to them again, "I will investigate the matter at once, ladies, and if you will call to-morrow morning, will let you know the result."

Accordingly, on the following morning, at an early hour, they once more made their appearance at headquarters.

"I am happy to inform you, madam," said the officer, with an obsequious air, "that I think I have been fortunate enough to come up with the animal which you have lost."

Amy listened with breathless interest as he proceeded. "A dark roan mare." "That's Dumpling," interrupted Amy, "where is she?"

"If you will have a little patience, miss, you shall hear. As I was going on to say, madam," he continued, "a dark roan mare was brought to one of my men at a late hour night before last and offered for sale, and being a rather fine-looking animal—" "I should think she was," interrupted Amy again—"He willingly paid the big

price asked of him," continued the officer, showing evident displeasure at Amy's frequent interruptions.

"Can't I see her?" said Amy, impatiently, "and make sure if it's Dumpling?"

"I've ordered her to be led around, and presently you shall see her," he answered.

The suspense of the next few moments was terminated by the sound of horse's feet on the frozen earth outside, and in a moment Amy was at the window.

"Indeed, there she is, sure enough," and quick as thought she sped through the room and was beside the horse in the street. The dumb animal showed the most evident delight at once more being caressed by the familiar hand of her mistress, and placed her nose affectionately against her shoulder.

"Can't I take her back home now?" inquired Amy, turning to the officer who had followed her, "I am so much obliged to you, sir."

"Well, not at all, my little lady, not just yet, at least," he answered a little mysteriously, Amy thought, "Come in, come in, there are some little preliminaries to be arranged first, unfortunately," and she followed him into the house again, wondering what the preliminaries could be, and fearing that the long word boded no good to Dumpling.

"Could you refund the money that my man paid the party from whom he got the horse?" said the officer, a little nervously.

"Indeed, I could not," she answered. "And why must I pay for what belongs to me?"

"Of course, the man does not want to lose both horse and money, you understand."

"It seems hard to make you understand," interposed Mrs. Deering, "that she does not want to lose her horse."

"It's a bad business all around," said the officer, as if much perplexed, "let me see—let me see, now I have it I think; I will myself refund the money, and you shall have the horse again, if you will sign this paper."

He took a printed form from his desk and placed it before Amy who read it aloud to her mother.

"I hereby swear that I have no sympathy with the South or Southern people, and will do all in my power to preserve the United States government, and destroy that of the rebels. So help me, God."

"Why, what has this got to do with Dumpling, mother, can you see?" said Amy.

"It is putting a fearful price on her, my child; ten times greater than the sum of money he demands," said her mother.

And the words of Amy's grandfather recur to her in all their terrible meaning.

"The highest price that treason can command, can never make it honorable."

It flashes across her now, perfectly understood for the first time. She read the form of the oath again, slowly and deliberately. The officer watching her meanwhile, with ill-concealed anxiety.

Presently she brings it to the table where he sits. His heart sinks within him. She is going to sign it, and his cunningly-devised plan will prove abortive after all.

Amy laid it down. "I would be swearing falsely, if I signed that paper. I can not see why you ask me, any how."

"Just this, madam," answered the officer, in a relieved tone, "if you are a loyal citizen, you will be entitled to the protection of the government and its officials; but if not, it can protect neither you nor your property."

Amy now walked to the window again, and stood watching her horse with tearful eyes.

"I am truly sorry," said the officer presently, in a tone of assumed sympathy, "but I have already gone a little beyond my orders in the matter."

He didn't tell how long he had looked upon Dumpling with covetous eyes, nor how skillfully he had set this trap to secure her for himself. Amy still stood at the window, and the officer felt that the case might yet be decided against him, and restrained his feeling of pleased complacency. Mrs. Deering, too, was a little anxious, for she well knew of Amy's long-continued devotion to the horse.

Presently turning away she said in a resolute tone, "Come, mother, I am ready to go now," and together they left in silence, while the officer, with difficulty, concealed his delight at the success of his well-planned villainy.

Upon reaching their home, they found the old man waiting for them in the porch. He needed no words to tell him the result of their visit. Amy's despairing looks alone were sufficient.

"It is as I feared, my child; but have no efforts been made to find the horse or catch the thief?" said the old man, as he went before them into the house.

"We saw Dumpling, granny. She's there, but I can't get her," said Amy, in sorrowful tones.

VOL. II., No. 12—35.

"Can't get her, why not?" cried her grandfather. "There's plenty to prove that she is yours. I'll go at once and see to it myself." And he arose to go.

"It's useless, father," said Mrs. Deering; "they will let Amy have her if she will take 'the oath,' but my brave little girl refused it."

"God bless you, Amy, my child," exclaimed the old man, embracing her while the tears rolled slowly down his furrowed cheeks. "I would sacrifice a thousand horses to such a victory. And she would not swallow that oath with Dumpling in the scale. Child, it is the proudest moment of my life," and the fire of his long-past youth glowed from his sunken eyes, as he contemplated his grandchild. "I shall no longer mourn that I have no son to take my place, when my little Amy can be so brave."

Amy's sobs interrupted him, and he stroked her bowed head gently. "Cheer up, my child, there's hope ahead for such a soldier."

"Oh, granny, what shall I do? Robin's gone—Dumpling gone—all gone."

"Hush! child, haven't you honor left, and is not that worth all?" cried the old man almost fiercely.

The gloomy months of the winter finally drew to a close, and the little village was again visited by a party of Federal cavalry. Their mission this time was to offer the oath to all the citizens, and those who refused were to be sent South, to help exhaust the rebel commissariat, which was already at a low ebb. After canvassing the country for miles around, a train of six wagons packed with those whose convictions would not permit them to subscribe to the oath, left the neighborhood for Dixie. Among them were Mrs. Deering, her old father, and Amy, who were forced to leave all their worldly possessions behind and go South *volens volens*. This mournful cavalcade reached W. one morning, after encountering many hardships and privations in their journey of three days. Here was encamped a large force of the "Grand Army," guarding the outposts of "the Republic."

A few more miles would bring the train within the Confederate outposts, and a detachment of Federal cavalry was detailed to put them safely beyond their lines. The sorrowful passengers had all congregated at the office of the provost, while their rude carriages were drawn up in line, waiting to be occupied. Soon they were packed again, and all in readiness to start once more.

In the last wagon of the train Amy sat, crouching at her mother's

feet, and vacantly scanning the faces that passed her. Her old grandfather had been allowed a seat in deference to his age, and he sat resting his emaciated hands on the cane which he held between his knees. His long, gray beard was gently swayed by the floating breeze, while a spirit of proud defiance shone from his countenance, as he realized that even he was not too aged to suffer for the cause he loved. Presently the order to "Forward" was given in a clear, ringing, voice, and the officer in command rode rapidly to the rear of the train. Something familiar in his tone caught Amy's ear, and caused her to look up, just as he got near to her. Did her eyes deceive her? Surely that was Robin, and oh, joy unspeakable, he was riding Dumpling!

If the skies had fallen she could not have been more surprised. She had heard nothing of him for some time, and knew nothing of his whereabouts. She looked quickly around to see if he was recognized by her mother or grandfather, but neither seemed to notice him. Raising herself a little, she leaned forward in the hope of attracting his attention.

Sure enough his eye presently rested on her face, and he rode quickly to her side. "My God! Amy, are you here, too?" he exclaimed in an undertone, "don't recognize me as you value my life," and rode rapidly away again. "What's that fellow saying to you, Amy?" said her grandfather, who hadn't recognized Robin in the dashing officer that had ridden away. "I scarcely know myself, granny, he seemed in such a hurry," said Amy, with beating heart. "What could Robin mean," she thought, "and am I not to see Dumpling again? Oh dear, Oh dear," and she strained her eyes in the direction where he had gone. When they reached the outskirts of the town, she saw him coming towards them again, this time he didn't notice her at all, except to dash up to the wagon's side and toss a letter into Amy's lap, which she tore open and read eagerly.

"I can not tell you, dearest Amy, of my-mingled feelings of joy and indignation at finding you here. You have, no doubt, recognized your faithful roan, too; I secured her for you very soon after you lost her, and would have sent her back, except that I felt that she was safer with me than at home. The sight of you has decided me to take a step which I have long contemplated, that is, to leave this army and join the Confederates. You must not appear to know me at all, but I shall watch my chances and be with you in Dixie. It is useless to say how I long for this wretched journey to come to an end, till then farewell, when I shall earnestly strive to prove to your grandfather how I can deserve even you, my own brave Amy. ROBIN."

Before driving very far, the Federal out-posts were passed, and those in the wagons could soon distinguish the gray uniforms of the Confederate videttes not far away. Under cover of the white flag they soon passed the line, and the melancholy procession was brought to a halt, to await further orders from the officer in command. But they waited and looked in vain, he did not appear, and after some little delay, the next in rank rode to the front and assumed command. Amy, alone, in all that crowd, could have told where their missing leader was, and she pressed her hand tightly against her heart to still the beating, which, she felt sure, all must hear. "What will granny say?" was the thought which troubled her most.

The poor refugees were soon quartered among the kind citizens in the neighborhood, and rations issued them from the scant stock of supplies at hand. Mrs. Deering had been invited, with her father and daughter, to share the homely comforts of a family living near the lines until they could make some arrangement for their future. The hardships of the journey now began to show their effect on her old father, and he was so prostrated as to be almost helpless by evening. The twilight deepened into night, and still Amy sat at the one window of the little parlor, peering into the gathering gloom. "Why should Robin linger so long? Could he have deceived me again?" but she put the thought from her. Hark! that was a horse's tread galloping along the turnpike, now it comes nearer and nearer. The gate swings back, he must have come in; then again, it shuts with a sharp click. "Its Dumpling's tread," she almost screams aloud as she rushes from the room, out into the darkness, to meet him.

"Oh, Robin," she whispers, as soon as he halts, "I feared you would not come." In an instant her voice is recognized, and flinging himself to the ground, he catches Amy to his heart, and swears by his undying love to avenge her wrongs and atone for his own false step.

The hours seemed all too short in which to confide to each other, their mutual experiences since parting, and they decided to wait until the following morning to make known Robin's arrival to her grandfather.

The first rays of early sunshine were glancing into Amy's window as she was roused from her slumbers by a loud rap at her door. It was a summons from her mother to come quickly to her grandfather's bedside. Scarce realizing what might await her, she went down at once, and just as she entered the door, in accents scarcely audible, she caught his last, faint whisper: "Haven't we honor left, my children?"

VERITAS.

(For the BIVOUAC.)

"GREEK MEETING GREEK."



SOMETIME in the early forenoon of the day on which the battle of Bentonville was fought, I was ordered to report to General D. H. Hill who was commanding Lee's corps of the army of Tennessee.

Reporting promptly, I was told by that officer that I was to command the skirmishers that day of the entire corps, and that details were being made from the different divisions to report at once to me at a point which was designated for that duty.

I was also informed that General Bate's division had not yet taken position in the line of battle, but was arriving, and would take position on the right of Stevenson's division—to which my brigade belonged—and that I would be expected to cover the front to be occupied by General Bate, pending his formation in line, and that very soon I would be furnished with the details from his division necessary to cover his front.

General Hill notified me about where his position would be, and directed me to press the skirmish line as close upon the enemy's position as I could without bringing on the battle, and directed me to keep him advised of any movement of the enemy that might be discovered. I was also informed that at that time Stevenson's division was the extreme right of their line of battle. The skirmish line was formed as directed and ordered forward, and very soon came in contact with the enemy's line of skirmishers which we drove into their rifle-pits, when we halted in plain view of their position.

Up to this time no movement of the enemy's forces had been noticed, but now about three-quarters of a mile in our front were noticed, through the opening in the forest and over the hills and ravines, what appeared to be heavy bodies of Federal infantry moving rapidly to our right.

Going in this direction for some distance they had already passed considerably beyond the right of Stevenson's division when their direction was changed, and they moved forward. General Hill was notified that he was about to be attacked on his right, and that the enemy appeared to be moving upon the position to be occupied by General Bate.

General Hill answered, directing that the skirmishers resist the attack as long as possible. The Federals had now by their movements entirely disappeared in the pine forest, and when they reappeared, they had shortened the distance between us by about half, and their strength was easily definable which we now estimated as one brigade, and which afterward proved to be correct. They had changed their direction from a perpendicular upon Bate's line and were moving diagonal to our left, and if the direction pursued then by them were continued, they would strike Stevenson about the center. Being my own major-general, I felt at liberty to, and did, notify General Stevenson that he was about to be attacked, also notifying General Hill of the progress made by the enemy. On they came, moving in close column and pursuing the direction last indicated, halting at intervals only long enough to correct their alignment.

They swept through our skirmish line like an avalanche, seeming not to feel the weight of our lead in the slightest. On they went, and seemed to feel as if they were irresistible, but, unfortunately for them, and perhaps fortunately for our army on that occasion, this attack fell upon Brown's old brigade of Tennessee troops, then commanded by General Palmer.

The attack was led by an officer in colonel's uniform who, with many of his comrades, fell within a few paces of our line of battle, and were left dead on the field by his command, which was badly cut up and signally defeated. I never looked upon the dead body of an enemy with so much regret as I did the proud form of that officer.

From the movements of his command it was very evident that he was an efficient commander, and his personal bearing on this unfortunate occasion marked him as a brave soldier and most gallant officer, whose name I regret I have forgotten.

The meeting of these two veteran brigades was, indeed, like Greek meeting Greek; but on this occasion the struggle was sharp, short, and decisive, and resulted as usual in the success of the glorious old Brown's brigade, which, in the further progress of that day's fighting, accomplished the feat of cutting clear through the enemy's lines, and after being out several weeks, escaped capture around his flanks, bringing with them a number of prisoners. I may detail this incident to the BIVOUAC at some future time.

J. P. MCGUIN.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

THE TRIALS OF AN ANTE-BELLUM LOVER.

I am an editor, very near-sighted, and I have to shave every day. My beard is an extraordinary beard. It grows very rapidly and in every conceivable direction. I have very long legs, a long neck upon which my abominable beard grows in its erratic manner likewise; I never ride on horseback, am an old bachelor, and very diffident in the society of ladies. In the summer of 185— I determined to take a horseback journey of several days; but the truth is, I had fallen desperately in love. The lady who had caused this strange transformation in my life lived in an adjoining county and entirely away from any railway communication. It was in July, and a very hot July, when I made up my mind to take this journey and learn my fate, and I proceeded, secretly, to prepare for my journey, as being a very bashful man, I desired to keep my trip a secret from my intimate friends. Having selected what the livery-stable man declared was the best and easiest-going saddle-horse in the city, and packed a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags with what clothing I thought was necessary, I started on my fateful journey before any of my acquaintances were on the street. At noon on the third day, I came in sight of a country tavern. The day was intensely hot. My horse, I had found out early on my journey, was capable of only one gait—a hard trot—and as my time was limited, I was forced to go at this gait whenever the condition of the roads would admit. As I rode up to the tavern, situated in a clearing on the road-side, with not a single shade tree near it, and with the exception of some cur-dogs lying panting upon the porch, and a few chickens in the barn-yard, without any sign of life. A shingle was nailed to one of the posts of the porch and on it was written in rude characters “Entertainment for Man and Beast,” “by ’Squire Jones.” After a few “hello’s,” ’Squire Jones, in his shirt sleeves, appeared, followed by a lazy-looking negro man and a small negro boy. He politely invited me to “light.”

“Light, stranger. Here, Jim, take this gentleman’s horse and tend to him.” But to “light” was a thing more easily said than done. Every bone in my body was aching, but with Jim’s assistance, I managed to dismount. While I was washing the dust off and attempting to cool myself, the ’Squire being all the time present, I concluded to ask him some questions.

“’Squire,” said I, “I suppose you know Colonel Bruce?”

“Oh yes, sir! know’d him many a year. Lives down on the river.

Got a fine place; plenty of niggers; rich; got a nice gal; member of the Legislature; going thar?" To the last query I replied that I knew the family, and was going there to see *Colonel Bruce on business*.

"Oh, yes! I see! I see!" said the Squire "I guessed you was one of them city chaps gwine down to see the colonel's gal, soon as I seed you." After, perhaps, a half hour's talk with the Squire, I found that Colonel Bruce lived not very far from there, and his daughter was a great belle; but that it was doubtful whether the colonel would be at home that evening, as one of his negroes had just run away and the colonel, with some of his neighbors, was out looking for him.

Upon going to the small looking-glass to arrange my hair, before going to dinner, I was horror struck. My horrid beard had grown prodigiously. Shave I must, at all hazards. I had brought no razors with me, and so I asked the 'Squire if there was any possible chance of getting shaved before reaching Colonel Bruce's. He told me there was none, except there; that his man, Tony, had waited in a barber-shop, and that he had no doubt that he could shave me, that he was now plowing corn; but he would send for him, and have everything ready by the time I finished my dinner. This relieved my mind, and we went down to dinner.

The dining-room was provided with something like fans, suspended from the wall, and worked by a small, half-grown negro boy by pulling a string, which set all the fans in motion. Dinner over, I went out on the porch, and the negro man, Tony, who had been sent for by the 'Squire to do the shaving, came riding down the road. Tony was a genuine specimen of the old-fashion corn-field hand; he was very large and very fat, and black as a bucket of coal-tar, but with a very open face. After the necessary preparations, Tony appeared with a towel and a hame-string, which he deposited on a goods-box and retired, soon reappearing with a hammer, nails, and an old-time, long-handled gourd, filled with fresh, new, home-made, country lye-soap. Then he went for his "*rasser*," as he called it, and some water. Having procured these, and a chair with a back to it, his happiness seemed nearly complete. He said: "Boss, 'pears like I'se seed you befo'." Upon my assenting to the possibility of such a thing, his grin broadened, and his ardor in making preparation rapidly increased. The hame-string was nailed by one end to one of the logs of the house; the chair was placed on the flat side of the goods-box; the water was poured into the soap-gourd,

and the lather made, and *such* lather! I took my seat in the chair, and resigned myself to fate. The towel was placed around my neck, and my position made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Tony then brought forward his soap-gourd, and vigorously lathered my whole neck and face with that new country-soap; he then proceeded to "strop" his "rasser" on the hame-string, all the time carrying on an animated conversation. At the first application of the lye-soap upon my sunburnt face and neck, there was a small tingling sensation of pain. I thought that would soon wear off; but before Tony had finished "stropping" his "rasser," the pain became unendurable. I bounced from the chair and stuck my face in the *tub* of water which Tony had provided for his shaving operations. This gave me some relief, and I proposed to Tony that he should shave me without the lathering process. He said: "Boss, I never is herd of any gemmens shavin' 'doubt de soap; but I will try."

The razor was old, rusty, dull, and full of gaps; every stroke caused intense pain. Tony was first on one side, and then the other—at my back, and then immediately in front of me—standing up and then kneeling down, turning, twisting, and pulling my head and face in every conceivable direction. Every now and then he would have to stop to "strop" his "rasser" and to wipe the blood from my face, where he had gashed it. He was so much occupied in his labor that he forgot to talk—he would rush from me to the hame-string, give his razor a dozen vigorous wipes on the long piece of leather, and return to his work with increased ardor, the perspiration pouring off his face, and he had an almost hopeless expression upon his countenance, as, rising from between my legs, where he had been kneeling, trying to get at my beard under my chin, he wiped the streaming perspiration from his face, and said in puzzled tones: "'Clar to gra-shus, I'se naiver seed no sich beards befo'." Then his face brightened; his mind had solved the problem of reaching the "beards" under my chin. With a happy and contented smile, he said: "Boss, won't you please stand on your hed, just a little while, so I can get at dem beards under your chin."

This was more than I could bear. I knocked the negro down and then gave him a silver half dollar. I washed my face and went to my room; the damage done by the improvised barber was so great that my face looked as if it had been run over a "hackle machine." To go on, to Colonel Bruce's that evening was out of the question, and I resigned myself to the inevitable and determined to make an early start in the morning.

Tony brought me some cream for my gashed features. I said, "What do you call this place, Tony?" "Vengeance Ridge, sah." Thinking that perhaps some bloody affray had occurred here, that had caused the place to be thus called, I said, "Tony, why did the people call this place Vengeance Ridge?" "Well, boss, you see dey was obleeged to call it something, so dey called her Vengeance Ridge."

In the morning, after many careful directions from 'Squire Jones, as to the proper roads, etc., I again started for Colonel Bruce's. Leaving "Vengeance Ridge" in the early and cool morning I jogged along, and in the pleasant morning shade and air, I soon was lost in thought. In the meantime my horse left to his own guidance had followed the straight-forward road and I was not recalled to consciousness until I came to a blacksmith's shop; here, awakening as from a dream, I inquired the way to Colonel Bruce's. To my horror I found I had gone several miles out of my way. The hot sun had brought the blood to my face, and the wounds inflicted by Tony began to bleed again: my clothes were drenched with perspiration, and my spirits for the first time began to fail. But remembering the old adage, "Faint heart never won fair lady," I pushed on. After going several miles I came to a flat and marshy stretch of timber, covered with a heavy growth of black-jack oaks. Here a countryman came along going in the opposite direction. From him I learned that Colonel Bruce was the magistrate of that district, and that his house was not over a mile or so off, on the road right ahead, also, that the colonel and his posse had not succeeded in catching the negro, and that it was reported in the neighborhood that the negro had been run off by an abolitionist kidnapper, and that the "boys" were out now looking for him. Bidding the man good-by, I rode on. Coming to a very thick part of the woods I determined to ride down into the woods and bathe my face. After bathing my face in the stream I was startled by some one exclaiming, "Here he is, boys! Come on!" I was soon surrounded by a half a dozen or more determined-looking countrymen who immediately ordered me to mount, and I was informed that they had tracked my horse down through the woods, and that I was the "damned abolitionist kidnapper" they had been looking for; that I had "run off one of Colonel Bruce's best niggers," and that they were going to take me immediately before Colonel Bruce, who was a magistrate. No argument of mine had any effect whatever on them. My face was against me. "No use of jawing," said the leader, "you is adjactly the man we are

arter; your face is all tow to pieces riding and dodging under the black-jacks." I was made to mount and my hands were tied behind me by *one of my own suspenders*. In this condition I was escorted to the house of Colonel Bruce. My feelings may be imagined much better than described, but my case was now no laughing matter—these were determined men, and I knew it.

Upon reaching Colonel Bruce's house, the colonel was called out and I was led forward as the "abolitionist kidnapper." Now, though I had fallen very much in love with the colonel's daughter, I had never before met the colonel. I was escorted to the colonel's office in the large yard, some distance from the house where the family lived—followed, of course, by my captors, and nearly everyone else on the place. Here, after some little delay, I was fortunate enough to convince the colonel, without having to send for the young lady, who I was. Of course, I was immediately released, much against the wishes of my captors. I was shown to my room and a servant sent to wait on me.

On awaking next morning I heard the following conversation between the man servant, who had been detailed to wait on me, and the coachman: "Well Jim! you don't mean to tell me dat dis man have come to see Miss Margarette." "Yes, I does; leastways dat's what de cook says, and specs she got it from Miss Margarette's maid, Lizy." "Well, as ole marster says, 'dat does beat de Jews.' Why, Jim, dis man don't war but one gallus. You know Miss Margarette ain't gwine to hab no man what don't war but one gallus." "No, I hear de cook say ole marster like to kill hisself laughing last night after 'Squire Jones, from Vengunce Ridge, comed down here and told him about Tony shavin' dat man."

At breakfast I was formally introduced by Miss Bruce to her father and mother, and the colonel apologized for the rough treatment that I had received at the hands of his neighbors. I could see that it was all the colonel, his wife and the young lady could do to keep from breaking into a hearty laugh. After breakfast the colonel kindly invited me to ride over his large and well-kept farm, but I excused myself and spent the morning in the society of Miss Bruce, who so completely put me at my ease by her kindness and gentle manners, that, by the time the colonel returned and dinner was announced, I was, if possible, more in love than ever, and determined that I would know my fate before the sun went down.

At dinner I was radiant. I talked as I am sure I never talked before or since; I seemed to breathe a rarified atmosphere; my

ideas came without effort, and words seemed to flow naturally. In the midst of all of this happiness, after the first two courses had been served, and after my plate had been bountifully helped to corn-pudding, and the waiter was handing the plate to me, by some mishap the whole dish of corn-pudding slipped and struck my poor lacerated throat. I had read of hot things and hot places, but never in my wildest flights of fancy had I dreamed of anything as hot as that cursed pudding. The agony was intense, I tore my collar off, grabbed the pudding which was frying around my neck, and threw it at the family, jumped up, yelled and laid down and rolled upon the floor. The Colonel, Mrs. Bruce, Miss Bruce, and the servants screamed with laughter. I rushed from the dining-room, and that night, much against the wishes of my kind host, I started for home. It is needless to say that I am still a bachelor, that I walk wherever I go, that I never leave town, and that I never eat corn-pudding.

This is how I got shaved in Charlotte——.

R. A. C.

[For the BIVOUC.]

OLD PETER—A SKETCH OF HOSPITAL LIFE.



KNOW not is he far or near, or does he live, or is he dead; only this, that my dreams of the past are often haunted by the presence of this brave soldier and humble, loyal friend. I seem to see again the lined and rugged face ("harsh" others thought) wearing for me a smile which reminded me of the sunlight brightening an old gray ruin. And the toil-hardened hands which yet served me so tenderly. I seem to hear once more the rich, Irish brogue which gave character and emphasis to all he said, a *naughty* character and a most unpleasant emphasis sometimes, I must admit, fully appreciated by any who chanced to displease him, but to me always as sweet and pleasant as the zephyrs blowing from "*the groves of blarney*."

Peter was an Alabama soldier. On the first day of my installation as matron of Buckner Hospital, located then at Gainesville, Alabama, immediately after the battle of Shiloh, I found him lying in one of the wards, badly wounded, and suffering, as were many others, from scurvy. He had been morose and fierce to all who approached him. At first I fared no better. "Sure what wad a

lady be wantin' in a place like this?" said he crossly. "Why, comrade," I replied, "I thought you would *like* to have a lady to nurse you." "Divil a wan," growled he, and drawing the coverlid over his face, refused to speak again.

I felt disheartened for the moment, but after a consultation with Dr. McAllister, surgeon in charge—than whom a better disciplinarian or a kinder-hearted man never lived—it was decided that Peter should be induced or compelled to receive my ministrations. For several days, however, he remained sullen and most unwilling to be nursed, but this mood softened, and long before he was well enough to leave the ward, the warm, Irish heart had melted and I had secured a friend whose unalterable devotion attended me through all the vicissitudes of the war.

Being permanently disabled, by reason of his wound, from service in the field, Peter was detailed for hospital service, and by his own request attached to my special corps of assistants. He could and did in a hundred ways help me and contribute to my comfort. No matter how many times I met him during the day, he never passed without giving me a military salute. If I was detained by the bedside of one very ill, or dying, hoping to save life, or at least to receive and treasure "for the loved ones at home" some word or message, I was sure to hear Peter's limping step and his loud whisper, "Sure it's dying he is, can't ye lave him in the hands av God an' go to your bed?"

He constituted himself, in many cases, my mentor, and deeply resented any seeming disrespect towards me. I recall a case in point which highly amused the whole "Post." While located at Ringgold, Georgia, it was considered desirable to remove some of the convalescents to a camp hospital at Cherokee Springs, some three miles out of town. It became my duty to see these patients every evening, and I rode out on horseback attended by Peter. Riding into camp one evening, I dismounted near a tent, in front of which a group of officers were standing in conversation with Dr. —, of Kentucky. We exchanged a few words of greeting as I passed on to attend to my patients. Returning, to mount my horse, I noticed that Peter rather rudely pushed before Lieutenant —, who came forward to assist me. I also noticed that his face wore the old sullen look, and that his manner was decidedly unpleasant. Before we had gone far, he broke out with, "Dade, ma'am, ye'll go there no more, if ye plaze." *Amazed*, I questioned *why?* "Sure thim fellers wuz makin' game av ye, an' callin' ye out av yer

name." "Toby Peter," cried I, "you are crazy; *who* called me names, and *what* did they call me?" "Thim offshurs, ma'am—sure I couldn't make out their furrin worruds, but I belave 'tis a *sinner* they called ye. Faith, an' if *yer a sinner, where wad the saints be?*" Of course, womanlike, I became furious, and, on our arrival at headquarters, indignantly reported the "offshurs" to the surgeon in charge, who promised to investigate.

The sequel is most amusing. It turned out that Peter had overheard a conversation between the officers above mentioned and Dr. —. They having made some kindly remarks as to my hospital service, Dr. —, as kindly replied, "Yes, she is a '*sine qua non*.'"

My amusement was mingled with chagrin at my hasty anger, but Peter remained unconvinced and never forgave the offenders.

Upon another occasion, I was compelled to interfere to protect an innocent victim of Peter's wrath. One of my "boys," about returning to his command, came to take leave of me, and to offer a little keepsake. This was, or appeared to be, a crochet needle prettily carved, and *having one end fringed out*. I took it with thanks, saying: "I hope I may use this needle to crochet a pair of mittens for you." Cried the donor, "that ain't no crochet needle." "No?" "Well, what is it?" "It's a *dipping stick*; don't you chaw snuff?" Upon my indignant denial, the crest-fallen man exclaimed, "Well, Lor', lady, I made sure you did, you're *so yaller complected*." (I had shortly before recovered from an attack of jaundice.)

Now, it chanced that Peter, knowing my fondness for a pine-knot fire, had collected a quantity of knots, which he just then brought in, and, hearing the uncomplimentary remark of my soldier-friend, turned upon him with the utmost fury, and *such a tirade* of abuse as followed baffles alike my power to recall the words, or to describe the rage which prompted them. I was compelled to interfere and order Peter out of the room.

"When, in the course of human events," those who for four years had shared the fortunes of war, separated to seek their several homes, I lost sight of my devoted friend.

He was "*Old Peter*" then, and, in all probability, no longer lives, save in my memory. If he be dead, "peace to his ashes." If living, may God bless and sustain him in the days that are "full of trouble."

VIOLETTA.

LORENA.

A subscriber from Louisiana has asked us for the words of "Lorena," a "war song." We give it *from memory*.

The years creep slowly by, Lorena—
The snow is on the grass again—
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
And the frost gleams where the flowers have been.
But the *heart* throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh—
Oh! the sun can never dip so low
Adown *affection's* cloudless sky.

One hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that *hand* in mine—
I felt thy pulse beat fast, Lorena,
But mine beat faster *still* than thine.
One hundred months! 'Twas flowery May,
When up the mountain slope we *climbed*—
To watch the dying of the day,
And hear the merry church bells *chime*.

We loved each other then, Lorena—
More than we ever dared to tell,
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our loving prospered well.
But then, tis past, the years have *flown*—
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, lost years sleep on—
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms.

It matters *little now*, Lorena—
The past is in the eternal past.
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena.
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
But there's a future, oh! thank God—
Of life this is so small a part;
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod;
But *there, up there, 'tis heart to heart*.

CAPTAIN LYONS, of Tennessee, was a good soldier of the "Lost Cause," but at the close of the war, while making for home, he was compelled to hide in the flour bin of a country store to escape his pursuers. One of his boys wrote to a friend in Kentucky that "the captain arrived home safe, not covered with *glory*, but with *flour*."

[For the BIVOUAC.]

THE SEATS PREPARED ABOVE.

At one time in the history of the Confederacy, the refugees became so numerous in the towns and villages remote from the path of armies, that the good citizens of the safe and pleasant places were seriously annoyed. The invaders were in their most sacred places, like the plagues of Egypt, entered into their houses, and even their churches were infested.

A worthy congregation of a Virginia town had complained that their pews were occupied by refugees, often to the exclusion of their own families, and their pastor was requested to give notice from the pulpit that all refugees could be accommodated in the gallery.

Accordingly, on one bright Sunday morning the church as usual had its full complement of the obnoxious visitors, when at the proper time the reverend gentleman arose and gave the notice as requested.

The refugees, though already seated and disposed to mind their prayers, arose at once, some with heightened color and tossing heads, and went into the gallery. After the disturbance caused by the move was over, the pastor gave out the hymn, which he had unreflectingly selected. It was

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings."

The concluding lines were,

"Haste, my soul, O, haste away,
To seats prepared above."

A titter went around in the gallery, and the congregation seemed much annoyed; even the minister, before he had finished his verse, saw how unfortunate his selection was, and all seemed to feel how how ridiculous it made them appear.

The next Sunday, as a party of mischievous girls, who were among the obnoxious ones, were entering the church, they were met by a vestryman who besought them to come in the church and take their choice of seats. "O, no," said one, "we prefer the seats prepared above," and so went into the gallery and enjoyed their triumph.

C. M.

"WERE all the Kentucky colonels in the late war?" asked a young lady of an ex-soldier.

"Never knew but one of the gang," responded the high private "and he always wore a white feather and his sword was drawn—in a raffle."

Youths' Department.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

SOUTHERN COLLEGE LIFE THIRTY YEARS AGO.



MORE than thirty years ago, the University of Virginia was the great educational institution of the South, indeed, in point of numbers, of the United States. From its walls went forth yearly men who afterward were distinguished in the profession, in the field, and in the councils of the nation. Even now, there are nearly twice as many university men in Congress as from any other college. But especially, went out teachers, who, spreading over the South and West, have done more to mold the character and opinion of the present generation than those from any other three colleges in the land.

It may, therefore, well be taken as the fittest representative of the old-time college life of the South, for there the youthful offshoot of a peculiar civilization was at its best, and marked with distinctive features. The discipline was said to be comparatively mild, yet it was admitted that an extraordinary amount of work was done by the students. In one respect it was remarkable, then as now, namely, for a standard of refinement and a lofty sense of honor. A liar or a cheat was not tolerated, and it was as disgraceful to take advantage of a teacher in an examination as it was to steal.

The incentive to study was the value of its diplomas. "Honor" men from the leading colleges of the South and West contested for its degrees, and in the ranks of the law and medical students were often seen men of professional experience. Though new branches of study have been added, the methods of instruction by lectures chiefly, remain the same. However dry the text-books were, the eloquence of the professors made all subjects interesting.

As to behavior, the students being generally older than those at other colleges, were, as a rule, more dignified. There was no such thing as hazing, and few of the time-honored college pranks were practiced. Occasionally, when the public opinion of the college was offended there were outbursts of passion, as peculiar as they were rare, and very much like those indulged in by a violent and senseless rabble. A single instance will suffice. It occurred in 1856. A couple of students having been arrested for disorder in the town

VOL. II., No. 12—36.

hall of Charlottesville, one resisted and was beaten over the head by an officer named Dodd. A highly-exaggerated report of the affair "went the rounds." The indignation was profound, and oaths of vengeance were registered against Dodd. One night the latter ventured to attend a supper of some sort given at the Delavan, a boarding-house situated half-way between Charlottesville and the University. About eleven o'clock the cry of "Dodd is at the Delavan," resounded through the arcades and on all the ways and avenues leading to the rotunda. At once, as if by magic, the road leading to the Delavan was filled with half-crazy students, many not knowing why they were called from bed or books. The doomed building was reached, but the news of the mob had gone before and the doors were shut. The crowd constantly increased and were addressed by fiery orators who added fuel to the flame. On the other hand, the county militia was called out, and the sight of their muskets flashing with steady radiance in the moonlight some what cooled the ardor of the rioters. But the students had possession of the front portico and refused to yield. The affair must have ended in bloodshed had it not been for the nerve and wisdom of one man, John B. Minor, then as now, the distinguished professor of law. He boldly came out the front door and addressed the students. Their only answer was "We want Dodd." Some of the leaders advancing near, said "Let us pass, we do not wish to hurt you." "You pass only over my dead body," was the defiant answer. The dignified manner and unflinching courage of Professor Minor won over the students and soon the mob melted away and Dodd was left in peace.

This was the beginning of an era of ill-feeling between the students and the town people, and many of the former, under pretext of retaliation, often made reprisals upon the latter. Upon one occasion, about a hundred disguised as ghosts, made a midnight raid on the town. Stables were broken open and vehicles of every description were drawn by hand to the college grounds, after being loaded with signs and boxes and other inflammable material. On the college lawn a bonfire was made, in which some of the wagons were burned. These outrages called down the arm of authority. A few of the leaders were expelled and the rebellion was suppressed.

BOUREON.

THE CONSCRIPT.

The act of conscription of the Confederate Congress, in 1863, forced a good many unwilling men into the service. Among others was a Dutchman that did not like to face the music then in vogue.

He went to Tybee Island and enlisted, thinking, probably, a case-mate was the safest place then in Dixie. The recruit, after some instruction, was put on guard duty, on the beach, and told to be very vigilant; that if he saw any one approaching he must challenge and demand the countersign, if it was correct to pass the individual, otherwise, he was to fire his piece and retreat to quarters. The Dutchman was on guard from ten to twelve at night. The night was dark and rainy, and about eleven o'clock, he thought he could hear above the roar of the surf, a confused hum of voices. He listened intently and peering through the darkness as well as he could, aided by an occasional flash of lightning, he was satisfied he saw men approaching. Soon they were on him.

"Halt! who comes there?"

"Grand Rounds," was the reply. This was a stumper for him. He had heard of the corporal, the sergeant, the officers of the day, but had never heard of the "Grand Rounds." The Sergeant saw his dilemma and told him that his duty was to demand the countersign, and if correct, to salute the "Grand Rounds" and pass them on. The next morning he was put on extra duty for dereliction of duty the night before.

"Vell," says he, "dey made me stand guard all day lasht night, and now I ish wet and cold and hungry, dey put me to vork on dish damn camp. If dish is vot you call soldiering, the next time I go to war I'll stay at home."

CO. "C." MORGAN'S SQUADRON, C. S. C.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

I found Jim at home with my horse, which he had gotten from Tom Stone. Jim was very glad to see me, and so was Miss Sallie. I told her I had risked my life to get a horse for her. She thanked me, but told me I mustn't do so again. I said I would get her a horse as sure as my name was Sam. Buster. She smiled tenderly when I said this. She talks so sweet and her eyes shine so bright!

They asked me where my pistol was. I told them that I had let the Yankees have every load of it, had dropped two or three of them, and then had let it fall out of my hand. I didn't think it any harm to say this, as they might have misunderstood me if I had said I had not fired at the Yankees at all. But I couldn't have shot at them, and they would have caught me certain; for what could I have done against so many? But Jim and Miss Sallie wouldn't have understood this; so I told them what I did. I wasn't deceiving them.

They would have been deceived if they thought I threw away the pistol because I was afraid. Jim told me not to mind the loss of the pistol, as he had several, and would give me one.

March 26th. I have been terribly tired ever since I had that run from the Yankee camp. I have been so stiff that I can't walk out of the yard yet. A soldier's life is certainly a hard one. He has to run all sorts of risks in battle, and then the hardships of the life are terrible on his health. But, then, a man is fighting for his country, and he ought to be willing to stand anything in such a cause.

I could bear this almost daily risk of my life much better if I didn't know that there were so many men at home who won't join the army. The Confederate Government ought to catch these cowardly fellows and shoot them if they won't enlist. There's Joe Miller, who lives within two miles of my father's house, who is perfectly able to join the army and do any kind of service. He says he has the rheumatism, but I believe it is an infernal lie. He is six feet tall, and weighs two hundred, if he weighs a pound. He goes limping around on crutches, and screams like a baby if you touch him on the knee, and spends half of his time in groaning. He spends the other half in eating and sleeping. He eats as much as any two soldiers. He says the rheumatism affects his joints, but don't effect his stomach. I believe the whole thing is a lie, and that he picked out rheumatism so that the doctors couldn't find him out. I wish that I had him here for a while! I would carry him into some hot places, where he would try his limbs a little more. The cowardly rascal! To lay back at home and let his neighbors and kinsmen go out and risk their lives to get him liberty! I wish I was President of the Confederate States for a month. If I wouldn't boot these cowardly fellows out of their warm nests, my name ain't Sam Buster!

April 15th. I have been staying close at home for some time, trying to recruit myself after the hard time I had in the surprise of the Yankee calvary camp. That was about the most foolish raid the captain ever went on. He had no right to carry us down there and risk our lives for a few horses. I didn't enlist in his company to catch horses, but to fight and kill Yankees; and, besides, they didn't behave right in running away and leaving me to fight the whole Yankee company by myself. I stood by them to the last, and they ought to have done the same with me; but, at the very first shot, off they ran, and took my horse with them! I believe the captain don't like me, and he wants to get me either killed or captured. He

carries me into the very tightest kind of places, and then leaves me to get out the very best way I can. I am willing to fight fairly, but I am not willing to fight with both sides against me.

Captain Jumper has sent several times lately to me to go on a raid with him, but I told him I was sick and couldn't go. I have been very unwell, and have pains in my back and arms and legs nearly all the time. I have been obliged to use a cane in walking about the house. They tell me it must be rheumatism. I don't know what is the name of the thing, but I certainly do feel pains in my joints. Captain Jumper says he don't believe there is anything the matter with me. I don't expect any better opinion from him, as he don't like me. I think one reason of it is that he is in love with Miss Sallie, and he is afraid my chances are better than his. I wish I had never joined his company. I would much rather go out and fight the Yankees on my own hook. Mrs. Morrison told him that she knew I was sick and unable to go on a raid, for she saw how hard it was for me to walk about the house, and that it even hurt me for any one to touch me. Running from those infernal Yankees and staying out all night made me sick. I believe he would really make me go on a raid; sick or not, if it wasn't for Mrs. Morrison.

Miss Sallie hasn't been so kind to me lately. When I was first sick she used to wait on me, and help me around. It was very sweet in her, and I loved her more and more for it. She talked so sweet and her eyes shone so bright! But lately she has been treating me very coldly. She lets me hobble around without giving me any help at all, and she don't make any nice things for me to eat. She even said something to me yesterday about the Yankee horse I promised to capture for her. If she wants me to go out at the risk of my health, I'll do it, and let the responsibility be on her. So I sent word this morning to Captain Jumper to let me know when he would go on another raid. He said he certainly would. So I have been rubbing up my pistol to-day, and currying Rebel till he shines like a looking-glass. I think the exercise has done me good, too, for I have been able to get about a great deal better.

April 17th. True to his word, Captain Jumper sent for me early yesterday morning. I bid Miss Sallie "good-bye," and told her I would certainly get her a horse this time. I said that, though I was still unwell, yet I was ready to obey the call of duty, and I hoped she would think kindly of me if I got killed. She told me I was doing right, and that she would certainly remember me if I was killed. She looked lovely. She talks so sweet, and her eyes shone

so bright. I looked at her as I rode away, and swore to myself that I would get her yet.

Jim and I met the captain and the company at Sutler's cross-roads, and we set off about ten o'clock. We rode across the country, and at last posted ourselves in a woods near the road from Uniontown to Pikeville. I soon found out that a wagon-train was expected to come along soon from Uniontown, and that we were going to attack it. It seemed to me it would a very easy thing for us to capture a wagon-train, as the wagoners would not be able to make much of a fight against us. But I heard that the Yankee wagon-trains were always guarded by either infantry or cavalry. I felt sure, then, that a strong force would be with this wagon-train, and that it would be a risky business for us to attack them. But Captain Jumper always was a fool about fighting, and would be just as likely as not to attack double his number of men. I was willing to fight in equal numbers, but I had no notion of risking my life where there was no chance shown me. However, I determined to hold my ground, and act according to circumstances. If there was a chance for us to win, I would attack with the others; but if the odds were against us, I made up my mind that I would stay where I was and stand the consequences. So I put Miss Sallie's ribbon in my pocket and sat down by a tree, holding my horse by the bridle.

We had to wait such a long time, that I fell asleep. All at once I was waked up by some one saying, "here they come." A cold sweat come out on my whole body, produced by sleeping in the open air, I suppose. I arose at once, and mounted my horse.

On looking up the road I saw a long line of white-covered wagons coming along; and, sure enough, they were guarded by a company of infantry marching in front. There was a battery also, at the head of the line of wagons. I expected the captain to counter-march us at once, as it would be perfect foolishness for us to attack the infantry and cannon, too. But he sat perfectly still on his horse, watching the Yankees, and now and then looking at his men. I was on the point of leaving and had turned my horse's head, but I caught the captain's eye and stopped. I concluded, that probably, it was best to stay with our men and share their fortunes, be what they may.

THE SKIRMISH LINE.

DR. J. L. BURROWS was everywhere in the hospitals, in camp or on the march, cheering the living, comforting the dying, or exhorting the sinner, and no man was dearer to the Confederate soldier than Dr. Burrows.

On one occasion he preached on the subject that the victory was not always with the strong, and took for illustration the story of David and Goliath, but the war soon after demonstrated that victory was with the side having the most men and cannon. The plowshare and pruning hook epoch succeeded the siege of cannon and sword, and the reverend doctor was one day accosted by a citizen whose halting step proclaimed that he had been a soldier. After introducing himself, the ex-soldier, with a merry twinkle of the eye, asked the doctor this question over which he still unsatisfactorily broods: "Say, doctor, what about that David and Goliath story?"

OLD HUNTER was deaf as a post, and through this deafness and his shrewdness he managed to hide his sympathy for either Federal or Confederate.

On one occasion a party drinking in his store to test the old man's deafness proposed the following toast:

"Here's to old Hunter, the two-sided old villain; may he be kicked to death by mules and his body sunk in the sea a hundred fathoms deep. May no prayer be said over him, and his blind soul wander rayless through all eternity."

The toast was drunk in great glee, in which the old man joined. "The same to yourselves, gentlemen," said he, "the same to yourselves."

Of course, he had not heard a word that was said.

THE late General Buford was a turf man, and his most forcible expressions naturally were of the "horse" order. At Perryville his brigade received its baptism of fire, and in one of the preliminary skirmishes he ordered Captain J. to "oblique his company to the right." The captain, misinterpreting the order, was leading his company toward the left, which the general observed and yelled out, "Captain J., I told you to oblique your company to the right. If you don't know what I mean by 'right oblique,' sir, then gee them, sir, gee them, gee them."

Editorial.

WITH this number, Volume II. of the BIVOUAC closes. Possibly, some would like to know how the magazine has prospered. To these we say, "It has not done as well as it might, but much better than we even hoped at the beginning of the year." The circulation has increased fivefold, and newspaper men say such success is phenomenal. With equal luck the coming year, it will be practicable to put it upon the footing originally contemplated. In one sense, the Confederate side of the war history has not been written. For, now-a-days, a story is only half told that is not illustrated. A single glance at a pictorial representation pleases the masses more than a perusal of a well-written narrative. The picture is always looked at and is bound to make its impression, while the printed tale is often skipped. The *Pictorial War Record*, published by Harper during the war, is, of course, one-sided, yet it is the only pictorial history that has been published. By its light the struggle is viewed as a contest between civilization and barbarism, in which the children of light triumph over the children of darkness. The moral lesson it conveys is that virtue, aided by pluck and constancy, is bound to conquer evil.

It is not proposed to offset this by illustrations equally false, but in the other direction. The evil of this has indeed been somewhat corrected by the scores of military journals now published in the North, which are fair and liberal to our side. But they, of course, look at things from their own point of view. What we propose, is to illustrate many of the famous actions of the war; enough, at least, to show to him who reads that never in any period of history were furnished higher examples of noble daring or heroic virtue than were exhibited by the sons of the South in the sectional struggle. To do this we will have to double or treble our present circulation, and it can be easily done if our friends would only send us the names of persons who would make reliable local agents. That is all we ask.

THE BIVOUAC is furnished at the cost of production, \$1.50 payable in advance. If not promptly paid, the charge will be \$2.00.

MR. BLAINE may be a man of spotless integrity, but he is the last man in the world to deserve the title of "Plumed Knight." That of "Buffalo Jim," or the "Wild Flower of the Forest" is much more fitting. A knight is a man of deeds, not of words; one who strikes with his good weapon, not with his tongue, and strikes, too, for the weak against the strong, not against a helpless captive. None but a smart word-monger like Mr. Ingersoll would ever have thought of applying such an epithet to Mr. Blaine. By nature, incapable of discerning moral truth, he is just the sort of person who would mistake an accomplished coiner of phrases for a hero.

Such a high-sounding title, too, suggests gallant deeds. Where is the record of them? When the continent shook with the tread of armed millions who struck on either side for truth and country, where was James G. Blaine? What if his substitute did fight nobly? Who ever heard of a "plumed knight" hiring a substitute? When the storm was over and the scarred veterans rejoiced in the beams of peace, whose voice was "still for war?" The foremost soldiers of the Union might forgive, but he who had nursed his wrath in the sequestered capital of Maine, while others were giving and taking blows in the field, was still for vengeance. At the supreme hour of reconciliation and reunion in the national halls, he arose and forbade the bans. With flashing eyes and raised crest he denounced Jefferson Davis and opened all *his* batteries at the old man's defenseless head. Glorious courage to thus defy so many unarmed Confederate brigadiers and heap obloquy on a noble captive. "Plumed Knight," indeed!

OUR readers will pardon us for publishing the following from the Manchester (N. H.) *Union*, a widely-read journal, forceful in character and clean in tone:

"If the ex-Confederate soldiers do not support the BIVOUAC it is either because they are too poor or else do not appreciate how good a thing they are missing. We never miss reading a single number, and to say that we thoroughly enjoy reading the "other side" when so acceptably presented, is the simple truth. It is only by hearing both sides of a controversy that we can arrive at the truth, and in every number of the BIVOUAC new facts are brought to light concerning the great struggle that convulsed the nation for four long years, now so happily ended. The SOUTHERN BIVOUAC ought to find thousands of readers among the boys who wore the blue, as well as a liberal support from those who wore the gray. The poem, 'We have Covered Them Over,' which we copied from the BIVOUAC several months ago, is well worth a year's subscription to the magazine."

THE following from a Washington correspondent to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, of January, 1862, gives some idea from a Union standpoint of the social revolution brought about in Washington by the war:

"It is really affecting to hear the old *habitués* of Washington lament or rage over the new *regime*. Miss Forlorn burrows in the attic. She is a maiden of fifty who, of course, has seen 'better days,' had many lovers, and refused 'thirty offers of marriage.' There is something touching, as well as ridiculous, in her dinner-table lamentations. Once she was the bosom friend of Lady Guy Owsley, the chosen confidante of Lady Napier, if we may believe her story. In those palmy days she despised and hated everything Northern. Now, not daring to despise, she hates us with redoubled zest. On the row of clear-cut Northern faces which confront her at the dinner table, with quiet politeness, she glares with covert menace. 'Do you think that God has any special spite against New York and Massachusetts?' I asked the other day. 'Yes,' she answered, 'nothing could be more marked than the way in which he caused the New York and Massachusetts regiments to be cut up at Bull Run. 'O', she says, 'Washington is Washington no longer. Could you have seen it under the old administrations. It was perfectly clean and beautiful then. But the Goths and Huns have come down upon us with their dirt. I never walk in the avenue now, for instead of my dear Southern friends, I find only filth and Yankees.' She never goes to the capitol, because it is so filled with Republicans, and her presence can no longer inspire the eloquence of Southern traitors. She never attends the levees, because Mrs. Lincoln is so common and Mr. Lincoln not a gentleman. He is simply a comprehensive, earnest, honest man, who does not know always how to make the most graceful use of his hands. No Southern woman will pardon him for *that*. Rebellion has made Miss Forlorn a little crazy. But her prejudices represent, without exaggeration, those of a larger class of Washingtonians."

THE fate of the Republic seems to hang by a thread, and that thread is in the hands of Benjamin F. Butler. When it is remembered how promptly he has always been to duty's call, no gloomy forebodings need be indulged in. A man who, like him, has climbed to fortune by the sweat of his brow, can not avoid being run after by his fellow-workingmen; but there is every assurance from the venerable John Kelley that Mr. Butler means well.

"THE Star of Empire, or Gray and Blue," by S. C. Mercer, is on our table. It is a dramatic representation of the desolation wrought by the war, and of the new Union that arises from the ruins of the old. Its birth is celebrated by peans sung by representatives of all the States at a festival gotten up for the benefit of Confederate soldiers. The plot is well sustained, and the fervor of the poet excites our admiration. It is printed on the best of paper, neatly bound, and is altogether a unique and attractive volume. The author proposes to devote a part of the profits of the sales to aid in the establishment of an old soldiers' home. For sale by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

It is hardly necessary to repeat what has been so often said, that we prize highly all contributions from old soldiers and eye-witnesses. We want not so much war articles as a narrative of facts. There is not a subscriber but what might help us in this matter.

We clip the following from an editorial in the Shreveport (Louisiana) *Daily Times*, of July 17, 1884, and, in doing so, must not only return our thanks to the *Times*, but to the press generally of Louisiana, for the many kind notices of the BIVOUAC, and the estimable lady who represents it in that State. We have been with the Louisianians on many a hard-fought battle-field, when they proved their courage and devotion to the "lost cause." They have no reason, nor inclination, to be ashamed of their record, and have liberally come to the support of the BIVOUAC in its effort to preserve the brave deeds of those who wore the gray, for our children and country:

"THE SOUTHERN FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—In looking over the pages of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, a magazine for which Mrs. Beers is now canvassing our city, and there reading the ably-written articles upon the thrilling events of the late war, the sketches of our great battles and our generals, together with the humorous incidents of soldier life, we find ourselves living over again the four years of camp life, and emotions are aroused which, in the language of Ossian, are 'Like the music of Caryl, pleasant, but mournful to the soul.'

"This magazine recommends itself to every one from its own merits, but when advocated by such a lady as Mrs. Beers, it is doubly interesting.

"This lady, living in quiet obscurity, in 1878, in the city of New Orleans, was the recipient, at that time, of a charity fund for yellow-fever sufferers, sent to her by the people of Brooklyn, New York, through her uncle, Ripley Ropes, president of the Brooklyn trust company. Her active, personal efforts in distributing this fund, and in relieving the sick and suffering, her authorship of

the play called *Blond and Bruin*, and others, which were freely given for the benefit of different charities, brought her into notice. It was determined to tender her an entertainment as an expression of their appreciation of her efforts in behalf of the different charities, and then it was, that her name becoming known, letters poured in from Confederates from every quarter, some of which were published without her knowledge; and when it became certain that she was, indeed, the same lady who, by four years constant devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers, first in Virginia, and then in Tennessee, had won for herself the proud title of the Southern Florence Nightingale, the ex-Confederate generals, officers and privates of these two armies, took hold of the matter with enthusiasm and made the entertainment for her benefit a grand ovation, soldiers and officers vying with each other in acting as ticket agents, doorkeepers, ushers and managers; distinguished orators, among whom was Judge Braughn, volunteering their services for the occasion.

"The record of Mrs. Beers was found to be, for the past nineteen years, as good as it was at the time this complimentary entertainment was given her, and she consented to become a canvasser for the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC*, because assured by the soldiers, all of whom take an interest in the enterprise, that her name and record would accredit it and insure success.

"We receive no compensation for thus extensively noticing this lady and her enterprise. We can not, in justice to them both, say too much, and we sincerely hope she will meet with all the success that she and the magazine she represents, so richly merit."

THE columns of the *BIVOUAC* have furnished but little of the life of Confederate soldiers in the military prison of the North, a matter in which many of our readers would take a lively interest. A number of our subscribers served a long and bitter term in these Northern bastiles, and we ask them to give some of their experience, especially the individual and organized efforts at escape; many of which would show more daring and heroism than actions on the pitched battle-fields of the war. Don't put it off to a more "convenient season," but sit down and write at once.



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Sir: I waive a rule I have observed for many years, the value of your remedy prompting me to say, in reply to your request, what I know of your Chill Cure. The private assurances of its efficacy I had, and the good results of its effects I had observed on Mr. R. W. Meredith, who, for more than fifteen years, has been foreman of my office, induced me to test it in my family. The results have been entirely satisfactory. The first case was of two years' standing, in which I believe every known remedy had been tried with temporary relief—the chills returning periodically and seemingly with increased severity. Your cure broke them at once, and there has been no recurrence of them for more than six months. The other case was of a milder form, and yielded more readily to other remedies ; but the chills would return at intervals, until your medicine was used, since which time, now several months, they have entirely disappeared. From the opportunity I have had to judge, I do not hesitate to express my belief that your Chill Cure is a valuable specific, and performs all you promise for it.

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Those, who in '61 and '65 were called boys, are growing old, and they owe to their children, dead comrades, their country, and themselves that these things which made the substance and spirit of war life should not die with them. They should aid this enterprise by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns, which are open to all, especially to old soldiers. And last, but not least, they should preserve the noble deeds of the daughters of the South, who were the "power behind the throne," the unseen force that not only nursed the sick and wounded, but clothed and fed the soldiers, drove the skulks back to camp, and inspired the brave with more than Spartan courage.

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CONTENTS OF AUGUST NUMBER.

1. Confederate Cavalry at First Manassas. <i>By J. S. B.</i>	529
2. Map of the Battle-field of Manassas	531
3. Generals Early and Rosser at Cedar Creek. <i>By E. H. McDonald</i> . .	534
4. Jackson and his Brigade at Manassas. <i>By W. N. M.</i>	537
5. Patriotism versus Love. <i>By Veritas</i>	541
6. Greek Meeting Greek. <i>By J. P. McGuin</i>	549
7. The Trials of an Ante-Bellum Lover. <i>By R. A. C.</i>	551
8. Old Peter—a Sketch from Hospital Life. <i>By Violetta</i>	556
9. Lorena. <i>Selected</i>	559
10. The Seats Prepared Above. <i>By C. M.</i>	560

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT:

11. Southern College Life Thirty Years Ago. <i>By Bourbon</i>	561
11. The Conscript. <i>By Co. "C," Morgan's Squadron, C. S. C.</i>	562
13. The Bold Guerrilla Boy. <i>By Prof. J. S. Blackburn</i>	563
14. The Skirmish Line	567
15. Editorial	568

